



PHOENIX 2013
LITERARY AND ARTS
MAGAZINE

PHOENIX

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Volume 37

The College of New Rochelle

Phoenix is the literary and arts magazine for The College of New Rochelle. Published in the spring of each academic year, this magazine showcases the artistic talents of The College of New Rochelle community. Prose, poetry, photography, and camera-ready images of other art forms are encouraged from students, faculty, staff, and alumnae/i from all four schools.

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Hilary Caraballo, SAS '13 Illuminating Undulation

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PHOENIX

Literary and Arts Magazine
VOLUME 37

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**Mary Ellen Donnelly Critchlow Endowed Chair in English at The College of New Rochelle*

To the reader:

The issue of the *Phoenix Literary and Arts Magazine* that you hold in your hands represents the culmination of a year's worth of work by an extraordinary, creative, and uncommonly energetic group of students, and is the first for which I've had the great pleasure to serve as faculty advisor. This issue does not, however, represent the totality of its editors' and contributors' efforts this academic year — not even close.

Over the past nine months, *Phoenix* has been a remarkably active organization. Its members have edited and published three e-newsletters (a first in *Phoenix's* 37-year history); organized campus-wide writing workshops, readings, and a seminar on grammar and copyediting (often with homemade baked goods on offer); reached out to new writers and artists in all four schools; and formed fruitful relationships with CNR alumnae/i.

It is gratifying to have played even a supportive role in these developments, not least of all because the students responsible have had in mind not just their own progress, but the progress of literature and the arts throughout the CNR community. They have been driven by their awareness that a passion for creative expression is vital to the health of a college, and that the harder you work the stronger that passion becomes, and the farther it spreads.

I hope you enjoy this issue as much as I have enjoyed working with the students who brought it to life.

Daniel Smith

Critchlow Endowed Chair in English
The School of Arts and Sciences

Dear Readers,

*I have but one word for you,
one word that is turning into more than just one word.
But this one word summarizes the work received this year.*

*Therefore,
this one word,
that grows longer and longer
as my fingers tip-tap away at the keyboard,
shall be typed, and rightfully so,
as this one word is percolating,
waiting to boil over;
it is brimming with excitement.*

*This one word shall protect you,
it shall guide you,
it shall inspire you.*

*It will seep into the contributions you read in this
issue of Phoenix.*

*This one word is the origin of art,
it is the abject—it should not be feared.
It should be consumed.*

It resurrects.

Welcome to this one word.

*Welcome to the **abyss**.*

**Respectfully yours,
Phoenix**

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“At times our own light goes out and is rekindled by a spark from another person. Each of us has cause to think with deep gratitude of those who have lighted the flame within us.”

-Albert Schweitzer

Spoken word, Jade Billups, SAS '15

We believe that it is only wilderness and black faces
Lions and tigers and bears
but who am I to judge?

America

We live in a jungle ourselves
The ripping and tearing apart of our brothers and sisters
Young gentlemen always looking for another way to dis her
Animal instincts in their rawest forms
See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil
We've been called monkeys but can't even live up to these ideals

There is no black power, black greatness, black worth
There is only black pity, black hatred,
black dirt

Little girls mutilating their hair, the bleaching of skin
But this is America, the land of the free and the home of the brave
But we are not free enough to accept our kinks and curls
Not brave enough to stand against the assimilation
Into a culture we were never meant to fit

Because don't forget, we were brought here in a ship
With shackles and chains
We were meant to live under the white man's domain
I am not telling you this to be ashamed

Yes your ancestors wore these shackles and chains and were slaves
But now we are free, so you must behave
In a way to honor their strength
You must learn to embrace black beauty, black intelligence, black
health

Because we are killing ourselves
You see we were never meant to succeed
And for you to be dropping out of school representing the
epitome of ignorance
Is disgusting

Greatness is readily attainable you just have to reach
Because these things you are doing will make your life halt with a screech
I am here to teach that these tales told of black preachers, and teachers, and
writers are true
But to live up to their legacy is for you to choose.

Plastic

Amelia Ellis, SAS '14

Forgive me, my love,
If my graces are not full;
If my honesty is not true;
If my face is not perfect.

Forgive me, my love,
If answers you must pull;
If my debts do accrue;
And my mood is pessimistic.

Forgive me, my love,
When I bite off a mouthful,
Much more than I can chew,
And seem too didactic.

Forgive me, my love,
If my humor is too dull;
I never really grew
To be anything more than plastic.



To You

Alyssa Capriglione, SAS '13

To you, I am compliant, completely at your will
You push and you push and yet I love you still

I lay and let your cruel eyes examine me, like a body on a slab
To you, I'm not a person with feelings, I'm a wound and you keep picking
at the scab

You never let me mend, never let the wound heal
Your torturous ways will never end, if you refuse to feel

To you, I am expendable, a piece of used gum, you toss me aside
Because I can never be your only one, I only exist as someone you can
hide

I plunged myself deep into the waters of our love but you still waded in
the shallows
Continually hurting me until I become numb and swallow

To you, I am just that girl, that girl who's cool like a brother
That girl you keep around until you find another

The problem is, that girl that you see through your cloudy eyes, through
your tired lies, is a fabrication
You created her to fuel your experimentation

She is a way of touching without feeling
A way of getting high, without reaching the ceiling

For with her, you get to experience true love and all the pleasures that
come with it
She stirs the ashes deep within your heart but still the fire remains unlit.

For that flame died long before you even knew her which accounts for
your overwhelming lack
To you, she will wait forever, but you don't realize that she has already
turned her back.

NYC

Elida Acosta, SAS '15

i come from a place where snow is brown
and mud is black
a place where, sad to say, babies fall out open windows
and mommas is busy being crack heads or hoes
i come from a place where the only songs you hear are sirens
then the hurried steps of the dealers up the block
a place where jobs are few but drugs are many
yet its a place everyone wants to be
see now growing up in NYC is a toughy
tourists get all the good stuff
the empire state, that statue of liberty
but really whats left for you and me?
those dirty buildings, reaking of pee and beer
those guys cat callin and girls acting out
man i dont even know what all thats about.
they get the 5th ave, the shopping sprees
we see mothers on their knees to feed a child
you cant believe the NYC that we see
nah not the big apple with its shining lights and late nights
i mean the rotten apple, with the ruthless and cut throat. that
real city life
i come from a place where to visit is a dream, and to live can be a
nightmare

Internal Turmoil

Jacqueline Cokely, SAS
'13

Feelings I can't
confess
Expressions I can't
express
On the inside I'm a
mess
But on the outside I
digress
Dismiss all my distress
Leave shit bottled up in
my chest
Emotions playin' games
My constant internal
recess
Like I've got an internal
jungle gym
On my internal
playground
Feelings spinnin' in
circles
Like they're on a
Merry-go-Round
Mood shiftin' back and
forth
Side to side, up and
down
Don't know if I'm goin'
or comin'
I just know that I'm
around
One second I'm happy
The next second I'm
sad
One minute I'm
peaceful
The next minute I'm
mad
No one knows how I
feel
No one sees it's this bad
I keep everything

hidden
Stored on my mental
pad
My internal notebook
Where I keep all my
thoughts
Cuz expressing them
shows weakness
That's just what I've
been taught
So on the outside I'm
fine
Internally I'm dis-
traught
No one knows how I
feel
No one sees all this pain
I'm like a constant
storm cloud
But you never see rain
They say the rain in
Spain
Falls mainly on the
plain
Well my rain falls
internally
Mainly in my brain
It falls through my
system
And into my veins
It pours till it floods
And it never drains
It stays bottled up
And held deep inside
I want it to leave
But it doesn't subside
There've been nights
I've cried
But now my eyes have
dried
Emotions hide behind
pride
And I take shit in stride
Cuz what's the point in
feelin'

When there's no one to
confide
And yes I have tried
But no one's by my side
So I choose to hide
Behind a mask I
provide
Between my inside and
outside
There's a secret divide
My outside's my Jekyll
My inside's my Hyde
I'm like two different
people
Trapped inside of one
Sometimes it gets so
bad
That I'd rather have
none
It's like having a twin
But never having fun
And she lives deep
inside me
She's never seen sun
She's deep and dark
And she weighs a ton
She's been carryin' my
baggage
Since our separation
begun
Only really created her
So I could lock up my
feelings
Cuz being a weak girl
Just isn't appealing
So my weaknesses are
hidden
Through the art of
concealing
Some may think that's
wrong
But that's just my way
of dealing
My insides never shown
I'm just not that
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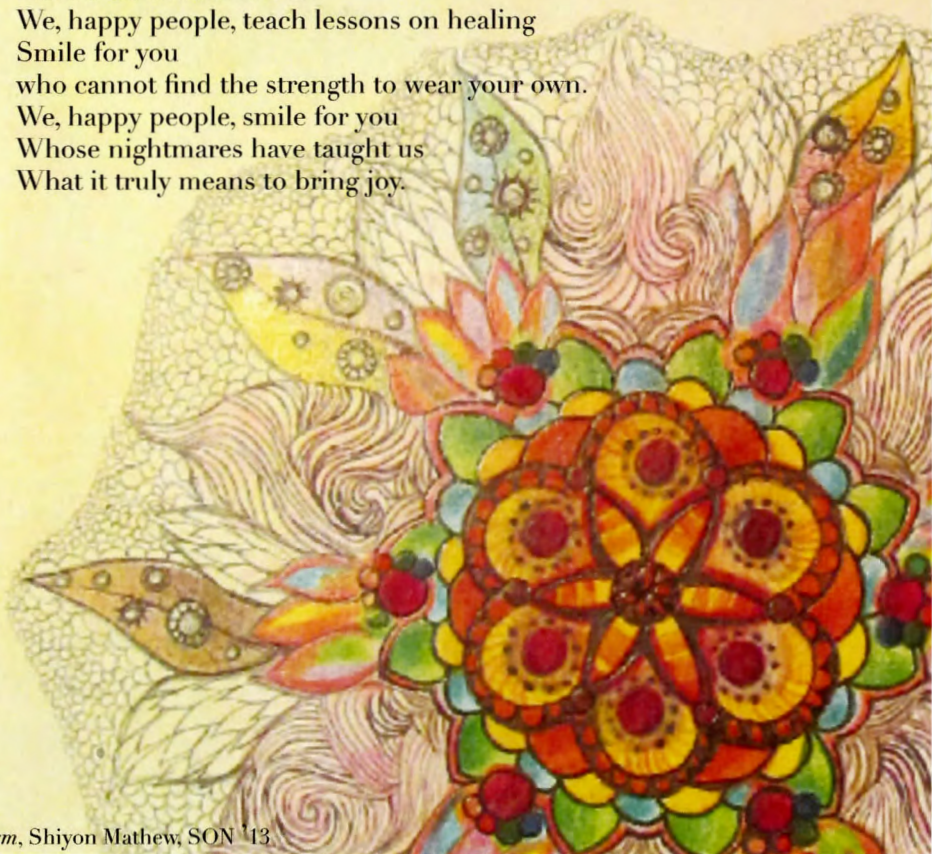
revealing
 I keep my internal
 turmoil
 Safely locked away
 Hidden from everybody
 Is where these feelings stay
 The one thing I know
 I'll never ever convey
 They just hid inside me
 Running around every day
 Trying to get me
 To let them out to play
 But they'll never get out
 They'll just stay in my mind
 Tucked and locked away
 For nobody to find

All over the place
 Mixed up and combined
 Emotions everywhere
 Yet still so confined
 When a clock ticks it tocks
 And when I feel something I lock
 Don't let anybody see my pain
 And turn into a rock
 My eyes turn to stone
 And I feel so alone
 My body's just a clone
 And my true self is unknown
 Feelings can't be shown
 Guess I'll always be
 Internally on my own.



Decrepit, Kat Sayegh, SAS 9/15

We, happy people, hold up humanity
with the strength of our smiles
Remove boulders
and make them insignificant
Replace them with hugs.
We, happy people,
patiently wait for it to rain
Let our tears mix with nature's
and wash away the pain.
We, happy people, nurse invisible scars,
but find the strength to carry on.
Silently grieve the loss of loved ones
until we look up at the stars.
We, happy people, find ways to shoulder
what others cannot handle.
We, happy people, know the sound of innocence,
Recognize the world needs to hear our laughter
More than see our tears.
We, happy people, teach lessons on healing
Smile for you
who cannot find the strength to wear your own.
We, happy people, smile for you
Whose nightmares have taught us
What it truly means to bring joy.



Robert Frost the Monarch

Spoken word, Kira Valezquez, SAS '13

A poem begins with a lump in the throat
 And in some cases
 The burning knot of knowledge
 Of radical change
 Within us
 Takes the shape of a butterfly
 And butterflies find their homes within us
 Wishing to be shot like a cannonball
 Into our love notes
 Heart songs
 Through our vocal cords
 In a flutter of change
 Into the faces of the oppressors
 The earshot of the downtrodden
 Spotted flowing in the breeze
 Marching to the colors of the wind
 To rescind all hurt
 Pain
 Anguish
 Frustration
 Leaving kisses on our daily worries
 Landing on the flowers of our labor
 Drinking in the sweet nectar of the Cosmos
 Fueling itself for universal change

In due time
 For the butterfly knows that change does not come easy
 But
 When coughed up from a life in our sugar crusted
 Wind pipes
 Sticky,
 Wings stuck together in the things that were trapped in our throats
 Missing from our love notes
 Absent in our heart songs
 We have wronged the poor butterfly
 And in turn
 Have wronged ourselves
 For the things we have not said
 Have forced the butterfly
 To return to its cocoon
 As if it was meant to do nothing more
 Than reside in our deep recesses
 Its neighbor
 A voice we don't use

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Abused by the right to remain silent
Battered by the butterfly's flutters
trying to break free
But instead she is sapped down
Drowning in the voice of one
Which thinks that one voice is not enough for change.



Rose, Ramya Barathi, Instagram, SAS '15

On this foggy damp October morning you can see them in the sky. One so red and vibrant, you think it has no earthly right to be there. It cuts beautiful, graceful circles and figure eights in the sky, leaving a faint red ribbon of color behind it. The other, darker than night, goes unnoticed by most, maybe that is why she sees it so clearly. The black bird, whose sharp wings fly with more purpose than the sparrow ahead. It tries desperately to mimic the elegant dance of its counterpart, but is unable to do so.

She lies on the ground, feeling the wet grass chilling her skin, and watches them. She runs her fingertips through the dirt, surrounding herself with the scent of soil and earth. This is life, she has nothing better to do. But what else can you do when you're dying?

Seeing her, mothers will think, "She'll catch her death out there!" Well, she's already caught her death, she's just waiting for it to catch her. She ran off a long time ago. Everyone she knew would lose her soon enough, why did it matter if they lost her a little earlier than they thought? Work and friends, nothing mattered. It's all fake and artificial. It gives the illusion of purpose and the simplistic monotony that prevents others from thinking, from seeing. But she sees. She sees how the soil darkens her pale white skin. She sees the way the crisp, green grass contrasts with her honey blonde hair. She sees the way the blackbird will always follow the red ribbon left in the sparrow's wake. Because it's beautiful. Because it's vibrant.

Because it's alive.

Lying in the grass is simple. It's her future. Earth may be a mother, but to her it's death. It's her future. She'll be cold, a wasted mass of atoms, and carbon, and blood, and intestines, and everything else that makes up a person. The worms won't even want her cancerous flesh. She'll be gone, she'll be forgotten.

It doesn't bother her, not really. Well, that's not entirely true. She is bothered. She is dying. She's fucking dying and she's fucking pissed. Everyone else gets to have a life. All her friends will date and break up, and eat ice cream, and date some more, and get jobs and get fired, and eat more ice cream, and get careers, and degrees. and get married and have kids, and see them grow and have grandkids, and argue, "No honey, you can't give the baby ice cream because he's our daughter's not ours, and she doesn't want us spoiling his dinner." And they'll grow old. They'll take up birdwatching and other hobbies, anything to fill the time. All that time.

But not her. No, she's skipping all that, the whole middle part of life.

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The part that *is* life. The earth is her only future. It's not that bad though, she never liked life anyway. While the other kids played tag, she sat back and watched. She wasn't missed then, and she won't be missed now.

She raises her hands high above her head, and stretches out like a cat before twisting her body in an attempt to raise herself from the ground.

The sun has risen; shadows paint the landscape with orange halos. She takes in the shapes of the shadows, colors, and the way the breeze wafting through the leaves of the tree above her can change the entire scene. How it makes the shadows' dance unlike the dance of the birds high above, yet so similar...as if it were to the same unheard song.

She inhales deeply and is overwhelmed with the scent of newly fallen leaves, cut grass, and freshly baked bread coming from any one of the houses around her. One never realizes just how powerful the senses are until one is about to lose them. And not just one sense, but all of them. She hates the children waking up to home cooked breakfasts in those houses. She hates the mothers doting upon their children. She hates the fathers going to work and coming home drunk because of the burdens of supporting a household. But most of all she hates the infants, so small and unaware. Healthy, with their entire lives ahead of them.

Looking across the field at the houses, she remembers her father. The way he used to wake her up for school and drive her to volleyball. She remembers sitting on the school bus with her friends, copying each other's homework and talking about all the cute boys in class and who Michael was most likely to ask to prom.

She used to love life. She did well in school and was popular, and athletic, and well-rounded. She had so many plans. She wanted to be a doctor. She wanted to save lives. She wanted to meet a nice guy and settle down. Maybe Evan from trigonometry. He wanted to be a lawyer. She wanted to marry Evan and have three well-rounded children and save lives. But now she has to give that up. All her dreams and aspirations. It's hard, having spent all those years thinking and planning just to have it all thrown away. As a little girl she wanted to be a singer, and then a model, then a racecar driver, then a teacher, then a principal, and lastly a doctor.

But there would be no college, no more friends, and no more laughter. There would be no Evan, no career, and no children. No plans. No future. Nothing to hold onto. Nothing.

Tears start to roll slowly from her eyes. She angrily wipes her eyes with her hands, the dirt from her hands smudging and staining her face. It hurts.

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Everything hurts. Crying feels good. It's masochism. It's her only outlet, the only way to release all the anguish and pain of waiting. Waiting for nothing. Waiting for nothing to consume her. Waiting to be nothing.

The red bird suddenly dives towards the earth as the black bird does the same. But this time, the black bird is able to surpass the other's speed. Both birds come out of the dive, twisting around each other, creating a spiraling ribbon of vibrant red and raven black. The two birds abruptly end their dance, and fly off in separate directions: the red bird to the right, the black to the left. The ribbon they created together dims and pulls apart as the two birds fly farther from each other, each chasing after its creator.

Every living creature on this earth dies alone.



Horseshoe Crab, Rajwant Sandu, SAS '13

Fading

Spoken word, Sibby Bonilla, SAS '14

Some people say so much
they walk around in their socks
pleading their wants and needs
coming to a stop light
turning the corner
wondering if they left something

No droplets on the floor
walk back around the corner
in their socks and mismatched
outfit
twisting and turning
coming across someone they know

"Can I get a dollar?"
walks on by
scratching their head
didn't even see or speak to them in
a while
socks are getting dirty

walking down the block
almost home
sock get dirty
you lost your shoes
your hat
every thing
kind of like the body that runs

"When am I seeing you"
When you act like you care
feet get swollen
socks have holes in them
the side walk gets darker
but nothing is fading
come across the lime light
see every thing
that doesn't have a fight

Turn the page and see me
Suddenly you feel naked
wondering where Adam and Eve
is
looking for the trees
when all you feel is the breeze

Walk through the door
feel yourself humble
the street comes back to life
Cause nothing matters
not even the people asking ques-
tions.

Fade into the darkness.
Hopefully they'll find some spark
in this
past the apartment to the people
arguing
give this up and give that up
sick of this and sick of that

Kids in the background crying
everyone is fighting
but behind them is a screaming
daddy
but a crying mother
that definitely faded

Everyone is grown
I wish they would've known
The ship sails and it over flows
kind of like the titanic
but ain't no love in this.

Get to the center of the door
The welcome mat dirty like the
socks
"Welcome home"
Opening the door
To finding everything
Faded.

And God said to the angels, "Never take advantage of the human race. They are vulnerable creatures. You must honor and protect them, and never look them in the eyes." The Archangel Michael repeated this to his children, Angela and Angelo, from the time they were young to the time they came of age.

Angels are trained from the moment of birth and tested once they reach the age of 18 human years (1,800 in angel years) before venturing to Earth to fulfill their prophetic and protective duties. Once angels have successfully completed their first mission, they receive their wings.

Angela and Angelo were very excited to finally have reached 1,800 years old. They heard so much about the humans, but this was their chance to finally interact with them one-on-one. Angelo had been studying and preparing for this day. He wanted to know everything about the humans: how they worked and how they thought. Michael had told him horrible stories of how helpless humans could be so easily manipulated, including the story of how he met his and his sister's mother.

"Your mother was human. I was around your age, heading out on my first mission as a guardian angel. I was sent down to New York City to guide the young Angelica after the loss of her father. She was already headed down the wrong path—prostitution and drug dealing—I was sent to comfort her, and bring her to God."

....

"I looked her in her eyes and told her that I could no longer be there with her because I had caused her more pain than good. I told her to trust in God and that she would find a real man who would love her just as much as I did. But she decided that there wouldn't be anyone like me. She was convinced that this was God's fault and began to stray away from Him. That was the worst day of my life. I couldn't even bear to continue to watch over her, especially knowing that she hooked up with a drug dealer and had a son by him."

After hearing that, Angelo was determined to figure the humans out and help them as best as he could. He couldn't stand the thought of not having a mother, or the thought that his mother could possibly belong to the devil now. He wanted to be the one to keep this from ever happening again.

Angela had been preparing for the test too, just in a different way. She had been waiting for the day to finally be with the guy whom she had watched over from birth. His name was Adam. He was perfect from the day he was born, or so she thought, with his deep, dark brown eyes, his evenly toned brown skin, and his cotton-like soft curled hair. She knew that he would be her mission, it

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was predestined, and that's why she was so attracted to him. She watched him from her place up in the clouds with the rest of the angels. She watched as he grew from a toddler to a man, and she wanted him.

Angela and Angelo lived in a village located in Heaven. It was past the clouds, but before outer space. Before entering Heaven, crossed-over humans had to first be checked into the Book of Life, and then went through the diamond-encrusted gates, continuing straight on the golden brick road. The angels didn't live in the same area as the crossed-over humans because they were a higher order, and they needed to be separated for training purposes. Instead of walking straight down the golden brick road, crossed-over humans made a right after the gates and entered into their village. The streets were made of golden wrapped chocolate bars, and the sky was full with clouds of marshmallow-flavored cotton candy. It resembled the way the Earth was before any type of human-caused destruction occurred. It was like the Garden of Eden before The Fall. Shiny bright green leaves on lively trees, the bark carved with intricate details protruding like the veins of an elderly hand. The trunk planted in the perfectly groomed grass which is rooted in soil that helps sustain one of the many essences that make up this beautiful village. Although, it doesn't just stop at the trees, there are the picturesque waterfalls and rivers, the exquisite mountains, and the scenic deserts. As exotic and enticing as this may be, it is all unnecessary for the survival of the angels. It is just for educational purposes. The young angels must know what they are in for before traveling down to Earth. Angela loved the village that she lived in, but she had always wanted to experience the real thing, with actual humans, with Adam.

...

Successfully passing their guardianship test, it was now the day that Angela and Angelo would both be sent on their missions to protect and guide someone of their own age. Before being sent down, their father wanted to remind them of the rules. He said, "Remember to never take advantage of the human race. They are vulnerable creatures. You must honor and protect them and never look them in the eyes."

"Haven't we heard this before," asked Angelo while adjusting his glasses.

"No duh genius, Dad has been telling us this only since the time we were conceived," replied Angela.

"Well, I'm surprised that you actually listen to anything Dad says since you spend most of your time daydreaming about that stupid boy you're in love with!" Angelo snickered.

"That's enough you two. This is no time to argue, this is serious business. Remember, your wings are at stake here. If you don't pass, you will never

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have the opportunity to travel back down to Earth again,” Michael said to his children.

“No! I’ve studied and worked too hard to be a dormant angel. I am not going to let that happen. Dad, you can’t let that happen!” Angelo screamed.

...

As I exited the realm of my heavenly home, I entered into the world of my beloved Adam. I was finally going to have the opportunity to touch him, to caress his newly formed triceps, biceps, and of course those firm abs. I exited his physical world and entered into his mental world. I called unto him and he searched for me continuously; I called him again and again. I wanted him to find me so I could exit from his dream and enter into his fantasy; but that was not my mission. My mission was to comfort him and that is what I did. I exited the domain of his mentality and entered back into his reality; not my own reality because I knew I was disobeying my father’s orders, and I knew I would have to pay; but I didn’t care. I needed him.

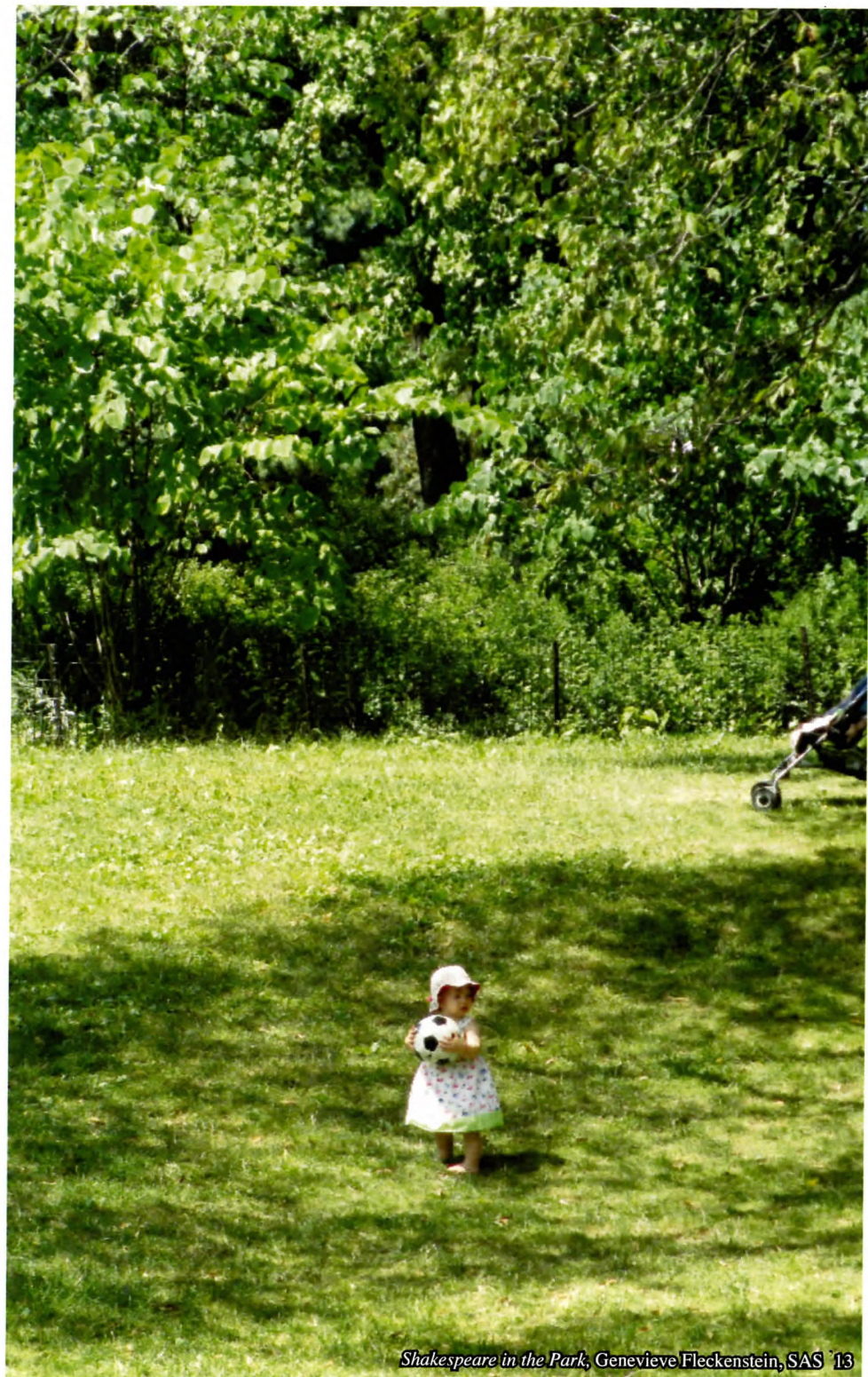
The dream only temporarily filled the aching void that his parents once filled. He continued to hustle day in and day out but slowly started to feel as if it wasn’t right. One night while making a delivery, Adam heard a voice call his name. “Adam,” it was the same girl from his dreams, but he was determined to find her today. He followed her voice to the back of an abandoned alleyway. There she stood, in human form, wearing only fig leaf lingerie that covered her breasts and womanhood. He was amazed at the exotic woman that stood before him. Her skin tanned and her hair long, dark, and wavy like the ocean on a calmed summer night. Her body was perfect in all the right places, from her curved but slim thighs to her protruding hips to her slender waist to her ample breasts. Then he looked at how stunning her face was and her eyes. Those two golden brown windows that led him to her soul. He was mesmerized. He had become infatuated with this beautiful anonymous woman.

As I exited from my spiritual being, transforming into my physical being, I called him once more. Only this time he didn’t have to search for me because I was right there. We looked each other in the eyes and my soul exited my body; as did his, and entered into the atmosphere.

“Adam, what are you doing,” she asked.

“Wait, how do you know my name? Who are you,” Adam asked.

“I am Angela, your guardian angel.” She kissed him, lightly at first, but the kisses grew increasingly passionate until two became one.



Shakespeare in the Park, Genevieve Fleckenstein, SAS '13



Cell, Illuminating Undulation, Hilary Caraballo, SAS '1

Dr. Kenneth Zwolski, SON

Sitting all alone,
Waiting for the day's teacher-
Another student comes.

Eating my apple
In the deserted classroom-
Outside heavy rain.

Floating gently by-
An inflated moon on
A cold winter's night.

A shelf of old books,
Illuminated by sun,
Forgotten by me.

While meditating
Buddha jumps on my lap-Oops
Not Buddha- the cat!

Such a gorgeous day!
Even the insects pause to
Appreciate it.

Waiting for the sun
To drop beneath the rain cloud-
You can't rush sunset.

I appreciate
Any flower that persists
Into September.

The mountain peak snags
Another heavy cloud and
Throws it to the ground.

Hillside of flowers-
The bumblebee rests after
Eating its dinner.

At the Restaurant.
Some people waiting
Behind the live lobster tank-
Soon they will be served.

Three Seasons

Mary Walker, Adjunct Professor SNR-BK

the red tricycle rode into Saginaw; the pair of red tennis shoes
walked into Hell's Kitchen

Saginaw in flashbacks: on the outskirts of Michigan sits a four
year old child in the middle of a front yard...a path of faded grass
leads to splintered wooden steps

mother at the screen door looking out past nothing peering
through dust

the child on the red tricycle, she is mystified
look at mother's strangeness! See it?

in the same direction the partially nude branches blow towards
the old white house that stands unsteady, empty and quiet.
what is left to nudge at in this moment passing through memory?
a metropolis tells its story of leaving the countryside in exchange
for

stoned stoops and loud streets where nights are busy, yet the
trees blow the same
fire escapes drop low, neighbors estranged by sheetrock...listen
to their television

Mr. Gray is angry; Mrs. Gray is bleeding, in the morning she
walks by wearing a raccoon's face.
the tenement is undersized and Neil is hungry again, her brother
is crying, the welts sting.
she plays in her dungarees and worn red tennis shoes, her laces
are dirty.

the neighbor below:

Ms. Rosie is Caucasian, and likes the black kids; she is old and
short, round and heavy

her flowered dress snaps up to the neck
we like the goodies she offers

Rosie died in the season of heat and opened fire hydrants
the memorial service was cold, everyone gets old

the child slipped in
death is strange like mother!

a new song on the radio
in fifth grade she wrote a poem about fear:

Be Not Afraid

Be not afraid to look at me and tell me that you love me
Be not afraid to hold my hand and feel your troubles melt away

Be not afraid to walk with me

Be not afraid to talk with me

Whatever you do, be not afraid

Mrs. Goldstein applauded; the classroom was sea green, she is
sick again

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Jingle Bells?:
 the snow fell like small balls
 of cotton, she held mother's
 hand, the streetlight emerald.
 the discount store, in the win-
 dow a teddy bear. Andy Pandy
 black & white, Andy Pandy,
 large and cheap and mother
 bought it for her.

in good spirits they strolled
 through the flurry, still wearing
 her red tennis shoes
 passersby smiled at the sight of
 innocence.

On Ninth Avenue:
 pickled pigs feet in a jar sitting
 on the edge of the counter at
 the Black Store.

nothing but black, nothing but
 black, owned by black...sold by
 black.

she knew she was black, and
 mother was black too; she
 hated black
 a teenager is born and hip hop
 is therapy

write songs, rename them rap,
 attend the University, define it
 poetry

did we just go in a circle?
 a generation folds into an x-
 factor

and now the story is retold
 through fresh lexis
 this writer crafts in episodes of
 time and doesn't know why.



Shoes, Dr. Amy Bass



©AR Croci Couple, Damien Germino

The Masters of War

Dorothy Valle, SAS Dean's Office

Poppies sold on Memorial Day
5 x 7 flags decorate the graves
of our young sent to war
and what for

Were they sent to protect
or for profits galore
does Wall Street encourage
and big business agree

Is it just ego
Do the hawks love it so
would they trade places
and offer to

Who pays the price
our young in their prime
What cause makes it right
and how do we know

Books will be written
the truth maybe told
Was it business as usual
and who makes that call

What price is too high
Is this now a habit
one of our traits
or boys playing games

If they were the soldiers on whom
they prey
would they be so eager
to play

Do we meet one another
and hate right away
is hate fostered and fed
by men who want war

In the sixties uproar
flags and draft cards
burned in contempt
for the masters of war

Ugly bags flown home
with young bodies inside
others home safe, or
so it would seem

With the anguish of hell
racking their brains
their lives now destroyed
in the action called war

Who gives them the right
to destroy at will
drop bombs and announce
it is our right to kill

Will tyrants ever tire
of their own loutish speech
will people demand
that we speak only peace

Ecology and Feminism at Gill Library: The Elizabeth G. Sullivan Memorial Collection

Susan Acampora, Gill Library

Among the many treasures to be found at The College of New Rochelle's Mother Irene Gill Memorial Library, there exists a specialized collection of

research materials devoted to the area where feminism and ecology intersect. Started in January 1989 by a generous bequest from Nancy Sullivan Murray (CNR graduate of SAS '50) in honor of her sister, (CNR graduate of SAS '48), The Elizabeth G. Sullivan Memorial Collection on Ecofeminism and Related Materials has since grown into a rich, diverse assortment of books, media, and websites to challenge and inspire today's researchers.

Nancy described her sister Elizabeth as "a scholar, a teacher, and a lover of learning." In talking with friends and colleagues, a picture of Elizabeth forms of a passionately intelligent woman devoted to her Christian faith, women's rights, social justice, and the love and preservation of our natural world. Nancy explained, "In 1951, Liz founded the Paraclete Book Center, which has been an oasis through the years for scholars, liturgists, theologians, et al." With the intention of perpetuating Elizabeth's oasis, and with an equal commitment to the study and support of women and the environment during these critical times, CNR Library adds to this vital collection each year. Thanks to the ongoing support from the family and friends of Elizabeth, the College, and the Library, the Ecofeminism Collection continues to take root and blossom into a significant source of materials relevant to researchers across many disciplines.

More about Elizabeth

Elizabeth, an innovator and a visionary, is remembered as being an inspirational force that deeply touched and changed many lives. Before her graduation from CNR, she had successfully engaged the College in the National Student Association and became CNR's representative to the NSA. She received a fellowship at the University of Chicago where she completed her master's degree in Political Science. Her passion had been to teach in the deep South when the library of St. Jean Baptiste on Lexington Avenue became available for sale. Elizabeth was able to secure a loan and bought the space which she called The Paraclete Book Center. The Center became a major resource and community for scholars, religious women, priests, and seminarians until its closing a few years ago.

Nancy explains that Elizabeth was also very passionate about Liturgy: "Elizabeth was not only an active member of the National Liturgical Conference, she also served as its President in the last years of her all-too-brief life." Elizabeth died in 1978. Though many who remembered her zeal for and involvement with the Post-Vatican II Church are gone, we remember her here

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today in the hope that her work and dedication will continue to inspire and educate.

The Paraclete Book Center

The Paraclete Book Center, more than a book store, but a community and resource center for Catholic study and inspiration closed in the late nineties. Below, Peter Steinfelds quotes the last owner of the shop, Mary Butler, *New York Times* article:

“The Paraclete opened almost a half-century ago. Elizabeth Sullivan, its founding owner, made the Paraclete an outpost of the new Catholic thinking that culminated in the Second Vatican Council. In the 1960s, during and after the council, the business grew and grew and grew.”

Over the years, Nancy Sullivan Murray, an equal source of inspiration to women and scholars, has continually served to advise on the collection, making excellent recommendations, providing generous donations of funds and materials, and providing opportunities for our librarians to study. Her thoughtful donation allowed me, as a librarian and coordinator of the collection, to attend the 2012 Yale Divinity School Summer Institute on Spirituality and Environmental Stewardship. At this conference representatives from religious and academic institutions spoke of the necessity to embrace and honor the natural world through our spiritual, academic, and political institutions, through how we preach, how we teach, and how we live. Many resources were added to the collection thanks to attendance at this and other events made possible by Nancy's dedication to her sister's memory and to ecofeminism.

About Ecofeminism

Ecofeminism, sometimes referred to as Ecological Feminism, is a field of study and a focus of social activism that grew out of insight and inquiry derived from the merging of the feminist and environmental movements. The term “ecofeminism” was originally conceived and employed by the author, Françoise d'Eaubonne, a French feminist and activist, in her books *Le féminisme ou la mort*, 1974 (*Feminism or Death*) and *Ecologie-féminisme: révolution ou mutation* (*Eco-feminism: Revolution or Mutation?*). Similarly, it has been adopted by a diverse range of authors and has come to represent and encompass an eclectic expanse of work. Ecofeminists are found among scholars, activists, poets, writers, artists, philosophers, religious leaders, naturalists, and more.

Ecofeminism explores the relationships between existing social institutions such as patriarchy, capitalism, and imperialism, and the domination of women and the exploitation of nature. Furthermore, investigation and concern include consideration of oppression in all its forms including rac-

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ism, classism, and speciesism. Ecofeminists propose that the integration of feminine sensibilities will promote the healing of social inequalities and help restore balance to humanity and sustainability to the natural world. While their work is diverse, ecofeminists share in common a profound concern for preserving the integrity and inter-connectedness of all beings, of all life.

About the Collection

Gill Library's collection of ecofeminism and related materials encompasses classic ecofeminist texts, seminal works out of which ecofeminist philosophies have evolved, and many related materials that share these ideologies. For a deeper understanding of the relevance of early and related scholarship to the field of ecofeminism, an article by Linda Vance: "Remapping the Terrain: Books on Ecofeminism. Choice." (June 1993, pg 1585) is highly recommended as it provides a retrospective annotated bibliography and a descriptive essay. Related Materials include texts on spiritual ecology, feminist spirituality, social ecofeminism, deep ecology, feminist activism, animal rights, third world feminism, and Native American spirituality.

To learn more about the field and the collection visit <http://library-guides.cnr.edu/ecofeminism>. As would Elizabeth, we hope you will find these resources provocative, stimulating, and educational.

For more information about the Ecofeminism Collection or for assistance with research on the subject, please contact Susan Acampora at Gill Library of The College of New Rochelle.

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Various correspondence between the author and Nancy Sullivan Murray.



Side of the Road, Karyn Mooney SAS '10

"You're not moving to New York!" My childhood friend stated emphatically, shortly after we both graduated from high school in Maine.

"Yes, I am," I continued. "I just got accepted to the College of New Rochelle!" As I spoke these words, I felt a flutter of excitement and fear in my stomach. Can I really do this? I thought to myself.

The idea of a fellow former trailer park kid moving out of Maine to discover New York (and beyond!) not only shocked my dear pal, but also many of my family members. We really weren't a brood known for scholastic achievement or interest in traveling the world. And my somewhat lackluster transcripts did not reflect a student who seemed particularly driven; it was only midway through my senior year of high school when I was hit with the realization that, unlike a lot of my relatives, I wanted something more for myself; I wanted to break the cycle of poverty, drug use and verbal abuse that had plagued so many. It was as though someone whispered into my ear one day, "You can be more than this...you can live a happy life."

My first year in college was a whirlwind of amazing and difficult experiences. In addition to the normal pangs of homesickness that plague most new students, I was dealing with a lot of physical pain. I have an autoimmune condition that attacks the lining of my knee joints, and a second knee operation had been performed the summer before I moved to New York. So it was hard for me to walk across campus with a limp and swelling, and I felt really tired. Why was this happening to me? But I persevered and, by second semester, the ache and stiffness had subsided and I was able to enjoy everything that college life had to offer. I performed in a musical with our campus drama club, Props and Paint – a huge step for someone who'd grown up painfully shy and withdrawn! But I let my natural comic instincts take over, telling the casting director I was more of a "vocal humorist" than a singer, and got a part in "Side by Side by Sondheim." I still remember a male audience member coming up to me after one of the shows as I stood in the receiving line; I was "receiving" a whole bunch of nothing while the real songstresses were praised in perpetuity. This man bypassed the torch singers and suddenly stood before me. He shook my hand and said, "You have perfect comic timing. I look forward to your future performances." I was not a person who was used to positive reinforcement, so this meant so much to me. I felt like Sally Field winning an Oscar except, unlike Ms. Field, I was stunned silent.

My first year in New York was so eye-opening for me because I realized that even without family nearby to help me, I was making friends who were there for me – and still are – and that I would be all right. I also came to understand that some of my relatives would never grasp what I was experiencing,

derstand that some of my relatives would never grasp what I was experiencing, nor did they care to. It was clear that I was not only physically and financially on my own, but emotionally, as well.

In those early days, walking the streets of New York City was absolutely exhilarating: the smell of hot dogs and pretzels wafted through the air as the converging sounds of honking horns, sightseeing out-of-towners, and the rhythm of the street musicians' rhapsodies danced with the wind all around me. It was electric. It was life.

As my college career wore on, I became increasingly interested in traveling the world. At the end of my junior year, and armed with only \$1,800 and 3-month work permits, a fellow CNR pal and I ended up in Edinburgh, Scotland, where we found hotel jobs and an apartment to rent for the summer. I worked as a chambermaid in a small hotel and made fast friends with two Irish girls (one of whom invited us to Ireland 10 years later for her wedding!), and even dated an Irish student while there. I really enjoyed living like one of the locals, instead of just another American tourist passing through on a harried and breathless tour of Europe.

One day we took a bus tour through the historic Highlands region, a hauntingly beautiful introduction to the verdant countryside that is punctuated by ancient rocks, mountain ranges and the vast flora and fauna indigenous to that area. The crystalline water of the lochs reflected the sky and clouds so perfectly that it was sometimes hard to tell which way was up.

When I returned to college for my senior year, a study abroad scholarship became available through Dr. Russel Taylor's Taylor Scholarship Foundation. I chased after this opportunity like a dog digging for a tasty treat. Five students received scholarships, and I was among them. The pride I felt nearly burst out of me – a feeling that wasn't really shared by some of my fsmily. But I didn't care. I'd done it all on my own, and boy did it feel good!

I chose to study in Russia for many reasons: I wanted a more exotic experience, the fee for studying there was very reasonable, and, a few years before, while on an Amtrak train from Maine back to New York, I'd stumbled upon a book of short stories by Nikolai Gogol, the famous Russian writer. *The Overcoat* and *The Nose* had resonated with me and piqued what would be my lifelong interest in the Eastern European country.

While I adjusted to the harsh Russian winter and the less-than-stellar food choices, I heard that Dr. Taylor had told his class (about me): "if she can't get through the front door, she'll run around and bust down the back!" It was great to get positive reinforcement from anyone, even if it wasn't necessarily coming from my family.

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The Castle Building, Paul Zapatka, GRS 1998

While in St. Petersburg, I studied the language intensively as well as literature and politics. Our tuition included excursions to the opera at the famed Marinsky Theater; trips to local host families' homes for food and drink; a tour of the Winter Palace — where the czars once lived -- and a viewing of the amazing artwork housed in its Hermitage Museum; a visit to the home of Catherine the Great; and a trip to the Pskov Region, where poet Aleksandr Pushkin lived, worked, and is buried. But when I stood in the middle of Moscow's Red Square, staring up at the wildly-colored onion domes and the Gothic spire that grace St. Basil's Cathedral, I knew I'd never be the same again. And I was speechless after seeing Lenin's body lying in state — how many people can say that?!

It's been 15 years since I graduated. I am so glad that I had the courage to move to New York when I was 18; the myriad of experiences I was exposed to while studying there really set the foundation for the rest of my life. Thank you, CNR, for helping me become the person that I am today!

Gene's Candy Store in New Rochelle, New York was by all means, my favorite place to visit after school. It was approximately 325 steps away from the "Girls Entrance/Exit" door of Washington Elementary School. If I skipped, I could make it there in no time after the dismissal bell rang. Gene's Candy Store was located in the middle of the block on Union Avenue. We had to pass it every day going and coming from school. The magnetic draw to stop in was very powerful after a hard day of multiplying, dividing, or recalling the names of our state's capitals. It was that sweet release we so craved and I was one of his more popular young customers. If I had twenty-five cents of my allowance money this is often where it was spent.

Gene was Italian and probably moved to town with the influx of others who settled there after World War II. He was a big man, with grey hair and a few missing teeth in the front of his mouth. If you got too close you might get sprayed with wisps of saliva that escaped as he talked. Sometimes he was impatient, especially when it took you forever to make up your mind as to what to buy. At the end of the school day he was in place sitting on a stool waiting on children and one of his most important customers—me—the "Candy Kidd"!

There were two large storefront windows on either side of the door. These windows were always in need of cleaning and I cannot remember what, if anything, was ever on display. Inside, the store was dimly lit. The wooden floor creaked in places as you walked across to look for the candy you wanted to buy. The candy counter display case was made of wood and glass with wide shelves piled high with edible treasures that could be bought for pennies.

I delighted in stopping by the candy store to spend the nickel or dime in my pocket. However this venture was not approved by my father who tried desperately to forbid us from going there. He knew the candy store was a "front" for illegal numbers activity and didn't want us exposed to that. My parents were also very concerned about taking care of our teeth and eating candy did not help.

In his store there were tiny chocolate fudge pies in little fluted tin pans to be eaten with a miniature metal spoon, (three scoops and you were done), and pastel colored button candies glued on to paper to be nibbled on row by row until they were all gone. He sold red and black twisted licorice sticks and flat bubble gum packs with a baseball card inside: Bubble Yum and Bazooka bubble gum. I preferred Bubble Yum which I could blow into really big bubbles which burst and left my face a sticky mess. Both were so sweet! At the end of the shelf there were skinny boxes of sunflower seeds, and wider boxes of pumpkin seeds. I *loved* them both! The salty white pumpkin seeds had to be carefully cracked with your teeth in order to get the seed out. Daddy didn't

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want me to buy either of these seeds and to convince me of this he said there were worms and bugs inside the boxes. I often saved seeds to eat later by placing them in my dungaree pocket. When he did the family laundry he discovered soggy seeds some of which came out in the wash.

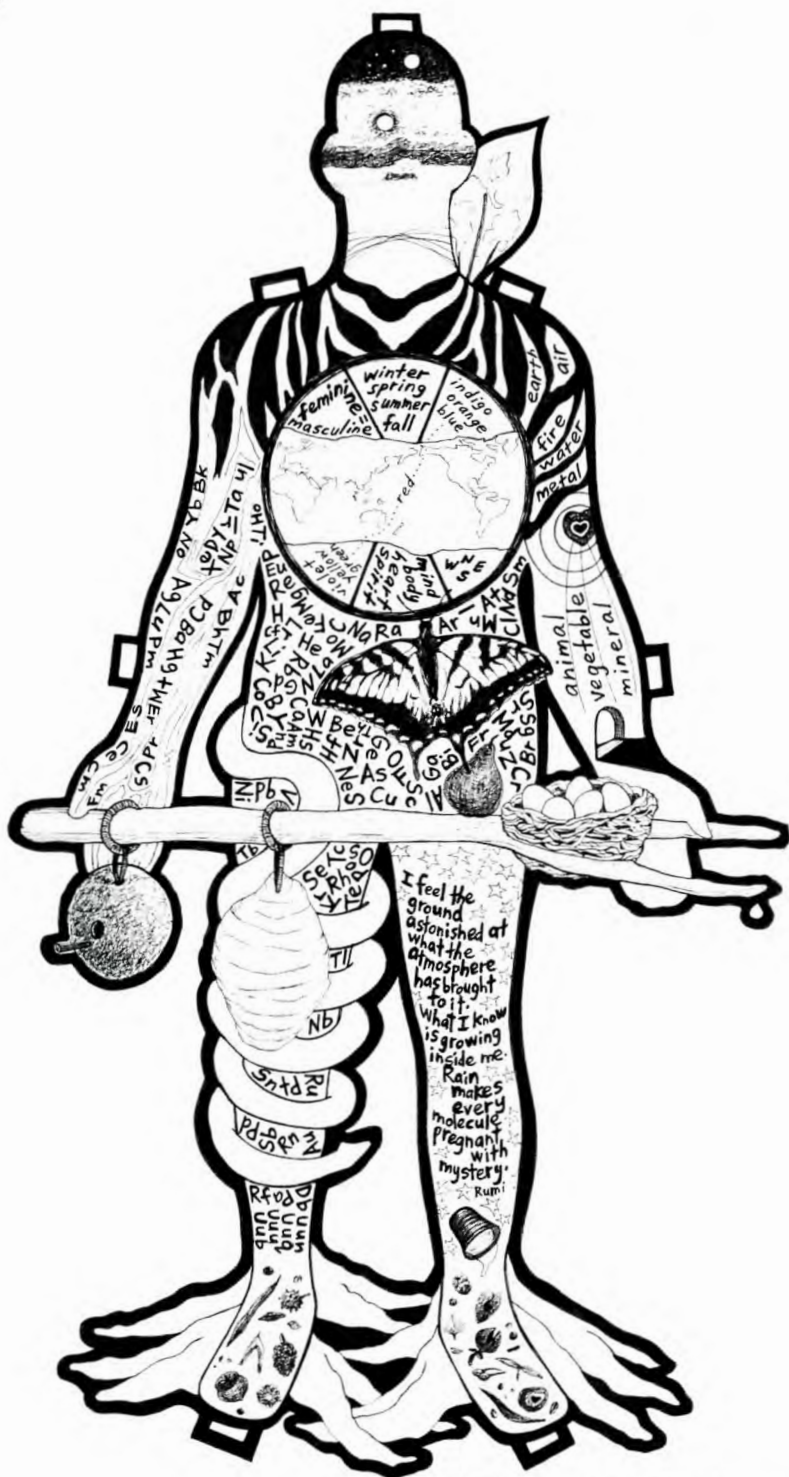
Gene sold bright red gummy coin candies the size of a fifty cent piece. The gooeyness of this treat made it easy to pull new fillings from your teeth. This did not stop me from enjoying them. He sold chocolate babies, fudge shaped little standing babies about 1/2" in length. There were tiny waxed bottles with too sweet liquids trapped inside. You had to bite thru the wax at the top to release the sweetness. Squirrel nuts, were a favorite of mine. They were a mixture of carmel and peanuts shaped into squares and wrapped in yellow and brown paper. He sold Mary Jane's with peanut butter inside, and Bonomo Turkish taffy which could be shared with a friend after you slapped it down on a hard surface and broke it into many pieces. There were hundreds of orange, yellow and white candy corn which Gene kept in a big jar. You only had to tell him how much you wanted — two cents, three cents or five cents worth, and he would scoop it into a small brown bag and hand it over to you. My friends and I discovered we could make them last longer by biting off one color at a time. For a few pennies you could also buy a box of white candy cigarettes which looked like skinny pieces of white chalk. These cigarettes had a red tip painted on the end to simulate that your cigarette was actually lit. On top of the glass display case, there were boxes of five cent candy bars like Tootsie Rolls, Milky Way, Snickers, Three Musketeers, Clark Bars, Dots and packs of Black Jack gum.

Our family shopped at the local A and P (Atlantic and Pacific Super Market) every Friday night. My father bought a variety of sweet treats in an effort to stop us from going to Gene's Candy Store - sometimes this worked and other times it didn't. The candy bars were six for twenty-five cents. Daddy often went alone with the list Mommy gave him and did the grocery shopping or he would let is tag along to give my mom a break. In the store, he spent \$25.00 and left with at least four brown paper bags full of groceries. No matter how much the total was, my Daddy always made a point of buying candy bars for my brothers and I to eat at lunchtime or as an after school snack.

Time passed and I was promoted to Isaac E. Young, Jr. High School. I didn't visit Gene's Candy Store anymore, it was a thing of the past like my sixth grade promotion. In junior high school there were more activities, and more kids to make friends with. I joined the editorial staff of the school's newspaper, performed in a school play, went to sock hops, ate lunch in the cafeteria instead of at home, and I thought Alfred who played basketball was the cutest boy ever. No more shopping in Gene's Candy Store when I wanted something sweet to eat. As I grew up my tastes became more sophisticated. Instead, I stopped by the Mayflower Donut Shop on the corner of Centre Avenue and Leroy Place where you could watch donuts being made, and for a quarter you could buy a delicious cake donut with chocolate icing and shredded coconut sprinkled on top. The "Candy Kidd" was gone!



NYC Winter, Nina Maguire, SAS '55



The Children's Toys

Terry O'Leary, SAS '63

After the children were in bed
before I went to sleep,
I would collect the toys,
search out the missing pieces,
reassemble the parts:
the puzzles, the stack toys,
the little world of dolls,
so that all would be complete and new,
ready for tomorrow.
Imagine, in a few minutes,
by looking under a chair
or behind a sofa,
I could locate
all that was needed
to set their world right.
They are older now;
they sleep in other rooms.
Certain things have been fragmented.
Not even I
can piece together
what is lost.

Rain

Elizabeth Fenton, SAS '65

Everything falls away.
Finally,
when you had least expected,
everything falls away.

Friendship stutters and stops.
Finally,
when you had let your guard down,
friendship stutters and stops.

Love becomes paper-thin.
Finally,
When you could put the lights out,
love becomes paper-thin.

Darkness moves in again.
Finally,
When you had thought life knew you,
Darkness moves in again.

Silence makes you its friend.
Finally,
as you smile for photos,
silence makes you its friend.

Rain drops onto the stream.
Finally,
When it's all behind you,
rain drops onto the stream.

Last Supper

Betsy Wittemann, SAS '63

Tuesday is Father Karl's favorite day of the week. Arlene, the cook, is off. Father Hurlihy, the pastor of St. Ann's, takes Tuesdays to do God-knows-what. Father Karl has the rectory to himself. He can cook and he can dine in the splendor of solitude. For solitude is a kind of splendor, he finds, as he ages. Now 62, the once extroverted Karl Anton Weiss, youngest son of a large, outgoing German clan, has found himself pulling in, wanting to be alone, wanting to think.

He will plan his homily for Sunday, Mother's Day, over dinner. It amazes him that Bill Hurlihy tossed him this crumb, a day when the pastor was fond of expounding himself on the virtues of the Virgin Mary and Christian motherhood, as if he knew a thing about it. After Sunday, Father Karl doubts he'll be offered the opportunity again. He may no longer be in the parish. He may be called in by the Bishop. He is going to talk about how he has come to believe in birth control. The women in this parish, and the parishes before, have taught him why they no longer listen to the Vatican or to Father Hurlihy or to Father Karl himself on the topic. They have taught him the unreasonableness of the church's position.

Wearing jeans and sweatshirt, he blows on the charcoal fire in the small and primitive outdoor grill. For early May, it is a beautiful day, warmer than normal. The bratwurst will taste best if cooked on an open fire. He spent the afternoon, aproned, in the kitchen, making spaetzle, those tender curls of pasta that his beloved grandmother taught him to prepare. He has set a place for himself in the ornate dining room, where a poor reproduction of the Last Supper hangs on the wall. He has poured himself a beautiful golden glass of German lager. He will start with herring in cream sauce. He will finish with Sachertorte. The ethereal smell of the slowly grilling meat just outside the door makes his mouth fill with saliva. Father Karl has his notebook and pen by his side. After the herring, his plate filled with spaetzle and bratwurst, he dines at a table with a lace tablecloth. One small piece after another.

Supper/Wittemann

Savoring. Eating slowly. Remembering his happy childhood, so long ago. Every once in a while he makes a note on the pad, but he has enough in his heart on the topic that he only need open the spigot and it will all come pouring out. He lifts his glass toward the central figure in the painting, offering Him a toast. Father Karl believes He understands. He walks over to the painting, stands before it with his pilsner glass in his hand. Finally, he reaches over, touches his glass to the wine glass in the Other Man's hand.

"Prosit," he says. "Salud."

I was wondering where you were old friend... I opened my eyes to the piercing rays of the sun and felt the warmth and immediately I thought of you. I remembered how good it felt to have you wrapped around me.

Close and cozy like an old married couple sitting in front of the fireplace, huddled together staring at the fire remembering when they first held their child. Thinking of the first crises they faced that drew them closer.

I reached for the window and watched the dust particles dance in the sun's rays. It reminded me of the first time I saw snow fall as a child. It frightened me to see the white flakes falling from the sky. The trees and streets covered as if the whole world were a bed made with fresh white sheets.

I closed my eyes then transported back to Daddy explaining the snow. He promised there was nothing to be afraid of, that the flakes were like manna to the Israelites...I pictured a child my age surrounded by white flakes asking her Dad "What is it?"

Placing my feet on the cold floor I was horrified at the thought of someone sneaking in and stealing my sleepers. But, there I was facing the truth, my sleepers were gone...once more I thought of you old friend.

I remembered how frantic I was when I could not find you. And how my heart broke like a levee and fear rushed through my bones when the police said there was nothing they could do. Oh the joy that made me dance when mommy put her arms around me to tell me the good news...she found you.

I opened the closet I was reminded of how angry I was when my little brother took you to play in the snow. Then left you out there all alone waiting to be rescued and how daddy looked like a superhero in his goggles searched for you...I stood by the cold window with hot tears gliding down my cheeks. Then old friend, my eyes widened as I saw daddy's neon goggles closing in on the window. He smiled and I knew he found you. Some other adult saw you by the snowman and tried to take you away but Daddy got there first.

Well, I found my comfort then as I do now old friend, knowing that I can face the icy breeze blowing through the cracks in my window.

Knowing that the sun cannot fool me, winter is here and with my favorite gloves I can go once more into the season...

I was thinking of you (as I often do)
on this rainy Sunday,
when my mind took off on its own impulse,
on its own unpredictability.

There you were, so wonderfully pretty with your smile,
so gracefully alluring in your posture, and it was all for my benefit.
(Hey, it's my mind; it's a wishful mind!)

You crossed back and forth on some grassy-petals-covered-runway,
against a background of blue-wishes-swathed-sky for this
audience of one.

You hovered so close but so unreachable, but it did not matter.

The confines of my thought held you there,
wishful, agreeable, obliging, attending.

When I returned to the pages I was reading senselessly,
I realized that this breathtakingly convoluted thought of you
lasted only four lines!

Is there a world of you so embedded in mine
that it can be explored in the space of a few lines,
in the time it takes to execute a sneaky look,
a wish, a gasp, a resigning sigh!

Just a thought,
a Sunday thought,
a rainy Sunday thought!



Bird Lady, Nima Maguire, 1955

The Alphabet of the Dead: 2002, September, 11 and beyond

Mary Crescenzo, SAS '76

And the wind rose to kiss their lips
and the dust rose and whirled around
them and touched
their shoulders and brushed their
cheeks. And the wind swirled to
stroke their foreheads
and wipe their tears. And they walked
into the open-air mausoleum, and the
names read
became a poem, and the names
became a chant, and the names
became a prayer.

And the dust blew in their eyes and
the dust blew into their mouths and
dust blew onto
their tongues and into the crevices of
ears and spoke like no speech could
ever speak.

And a circle of honor was set, a ring,
in the center of the open grave,
like a hole in the earth, like a place
of resurrection, like an empty circus
ring.

And from a distance, from the view
of birds and gods, a living wreath was
formed,
surrounding the ring with those who
mourned for those who died.
All the mothers, fathers, brothers and
sisters, children and daughters, sons
and cousins,
aunts and uncles, and the couples and
strangers, hand and hand, descend-
ing.

And there were dogs, and cats, and
birds, the animals, the loyal pets who
waited

and waited and waited and died
waiting. And all the names, all ages,
all sexes,
all religions, all strata, from many
countries, from many states, from all
boroughs,
all people, a family of strangers. The
dust of angels, of unsuspecting
soldiers.

It is painful to listen to the list of
names, numbing to listen to the
names, necessary
to listen to the list of names. The
names become a poem, the names
become a prayer.
And what have we learned from this
beyond that men can weep out loud
in public and embrace each other in
grief and that race means nothing?

Beyond that people will still talk on
cell phones in the street, even while
the alphabet
of the dead is read aloud? Beyond
that we must live for today but plan
for tomorrow?
In this pit, all the living wear the same
face, lips tight with corners down,
squinting between tears. The living
gather earth and dust into plastic
bottles, what little they can take home.

Dust of angels now angels in a bottle,
Genies in bottles, wishes never to
come true. Some pick up pebbles,
perhaps pieces of bone. Small relics
in this rubble, what little they can
take home. And every year the list of
surnames with different faces scroll
down my TV screen, to tell me we are
one. That all that is left is dust tells
us we are one. That we all cringe with
dust in our eyes tells us we are one on
this beach, desert, tightrope,
consecrated ground.

Night-Vision n.s.m.

June, 2010

(From the porch)

Nancy Sullivan Murray, SAS '50

A half-hearted moon stands still
out there
beyond the sycamore, wearing
traces
of the leaves' calligraphy.
Only the distant swoop of cars
disturbs the silence.
But now, a far-off dog begins to
bark
and children's muffled laughter
canters by, riding on a sudden
breeze.

Darkness falls free from time
constraints;
it could be ten o'clock or any hour
up 'til dawn: it's hard to tell.
No wonder then those ghostly
memories
awaken in the night and settle
down
beside me on the porch, like
children
tumbling in from play,
demanding strict attention.

I wander through the back and
forth
of other years, my childhood fears,
a long-forgotten argument, the
taste
of someone's kiss.
Then all at once three friends
appear
who died within a month
last spring and yet . . .

Birds still come to feed by day
and squirrels display high-wire
feats,
unaware of age and death;
they simply live,
while I seem to need the night
to rock along the edge of time
and space, where boundaries blur,
like silhouettes of trees against
dark skies.

The moon has long since shifted
from the sycamore, shrugging off
the shrouds of smoky clouds.
Some scribe has traced the path-
way
she must follow. The arc flows east
to west and back again;
it never varies,
even when her face is hidden.

It's only in the darkest moment
of the night that I perceive
a certain similarity.
I have cycled round the rim
of many lives, forgetting,
or unable, to draw
my own circumference,
while balancing polarities
of faith and disbelief.

Here, in old age I wait
expectant ever.
Night-time comes
but morning follows.

Wind Fire

Gwendolyn Cahill, GRS '12

Ice
 Glass pitter patter
 Rock
 Slide dance on my window
 Water is the central theme in life
 What is life`
 Without water flowing over
 Nature's landings
 Rock formations
 Covered
 By a cushion of sea form moss
 In my pain
 I am engulfed in a
 Hail of
 Wind of fire
 Nestled in the war of words
 Full of rage
 Planted
 As I look out
 The clear panes of glass
 Covering the stain
 Upon my pain
 Gone like a fleeting lightning bolt
 Gone are the peaceful days of swans
 Swept away in a cloud
 Full of rain drops
 Dried from the son's
 Misty tears of anguish
 Sorrow cannot explain
 Rays of light streaking down my cheek
 Salty tear drops
 Falling
 From the oh too familiar
 Sound of pop pop pop
 Gone in a flash of explosive light
 Six months nine months six months
 Gone
 In a hail of wind fire
 Rage ubiquitous rage of silence...

PHOENIX INSTAGRAM CONTEST WINNERS :

1st PLACE ALEXANDER JOSEPH SON '15



2nd PLACE :
DR. AMY BASS

3rd PLACE :
RAJWANT SANDHU, SAS '13





Goodbye to our Seniors!

Alyssa Capriglione
Genevieve Fleckenstein
Shiyon Mathew

*"I'll be seeing you in all the old, familiar
places that this heart of mine embraces, all
day through."*

-Irving Kahal, I'll Be Seeing You

C. N. E.
Archives

PHOENIX